Today there was an execution of the Aristocrats. My Dad was a blacksmith for the rebellion he helped make and repair there guns and cannons. I went with my Mum and Dad; we were in the front row. I got to see it all. As I walked into the plaza I saw massive stonewalls of the palace and I saw the scared face on the soon to be dead aristocrats. I saw the crying mothers watching their children die one by one and the anger and sort of happiness or entertainment on the faces of the crowd as another head tumbles into the basket. There was a large crowd and soldiers cape around the inside of them. The guillotine stood tall over the plaza as blood dripped from the blade as more coffins were loaded onto the back of the tumbril. I could smell the scent of sweat, anger and death in the air. It was the type of smell that stuck with you for a while, caught in your nostrils like off cheese. I could hear the loud cheering and chanting of the angry crowd, “Death to the Aristocrats” “Long live the Republic”, I hear these cants over and over again getting louder each time a head drops, I could hear the screaming and pleading of the soon to be dead Aristocrats.

Even though I support the Republic, I couldn’t help but feel kind of guilty for what we are doing, some of these people didn’t deserve this, least of the children. Even though some of these people are guilty of unbelievable monstrosities I don’t think that the ones who are innocent should be killed they don’t deserve that, at the very most they deserve exile. I can breakfast as it comes back up my throat, I cant stand the sight of all that blood and guts everywhere, I see my parents cheering and supporting them but I do not feel the same. I feel like I’m a part of an object that has become an even bigger monster that the one I just defeated. I feel like I should help these people but I know that if I do I will be executed myself. So I stay and I watch until the point where I cant take anymore. So I turn to my dad and ask if I cant go and stand on the balcony above us to get a better view. I decided to take this chance to just escape from it all to run away and act like I never saw anything or wasn’t even bothered by the sight of this horrific act. I sit and I wait until it is all over.